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Office of The Nation,
May 27, 1871.

Dear Wife:

I am just in from Paterson. In my letter of yesterday morning, I stated that I had allowed Wendell to return to the city without me, in order to gratify Mr. Benson, who desired to drive me to Orange, with his wife, in the afternoon. But the weather was so overpoweringly hot, the dust so accumulated, and the prospect of a severe thunder-storm so imminent, (though it did not come, after all,) that I persuaded him to give up the ride, telling him I would take the train for New York in season to join Wendell, and go out with him to Orange. He drove me to the depot after dinner, and we bade each other good-bye. I was to take the 2.45^{train} for New York; but after waiting for it much beyond its time, it was announced that, owing to some unexplained detention,

the train would be two hours behind time! So, my programme was spoiled, as I could not possibly reach the city till after Wendell's departure, though I might have reached the Park in the evening. I therefore went back to Mr. Benson's, explained the matter, and remained under his roof till this morning. Of course, he and his wife said that, so far as they were concerned, they were rejoiced on having me back again. The heat, during the evening and night, continued without any mitigation; and lying all these hot nights on a very full feather bed, as I have done, you may imagine that my rest has been anything rather than serene and profound. I left Paterson this morning at 8 o'clock, (Mr. Benson still regretting that we must separate,) and got to the office of The Nation about as soon as Wendell did. Mr. Benson intends driving over to Orange, with Mrs. B., to-morrow, (Sunday,) and spending the day with us.

Miss Dow has written to Lucy that she will have an interview with her and me at the Astor House on Monday, with reference to coming to Rockledge. It is apparent that she is pleased at the suggestion which has been made to her.

I have spent an hour at the Tribune office with Oliver Johnson, (by the way, you forgot to enclose his letter, but it is of no consequence now,) and half an hour with Theodore Tilton in his office, receiving warm greetings from each. At the Tribune office I saw Smalley, who arrived last night from London, and who told me that he must hurry back in the course of a fortnight. He says that Phoebe's health is delicate, but she likes living in London, and has many kind friends. They have now three children.

Wendell has put two letters into my hands from you, which I have read with eagerness. All their details are

of interest to me, but you must be careful not to write so as to fatigue yourself.

If it were not that he left word that he would call again, I should congratulate myself on being absent from home when Mr. Palmer called. No doubt his mind has been more or less deranged for many years, and it is as useless to reason with him as with any lunatic in an Insane Asylum. It was doubtless well that William sent him to a hotel, paying for his lodging; and, certainly, a very kind act.

Poor Thomas Earle is dead, it seems, of his insanity and deep family affliction. It is a most tragical affair.

I have just taken lunch with Wendell, and shall go to Orange with him this afternoon. He is very well, and I feel ditto, notwithstanding the heat.

Do not feel as if you must write every day, but I shall feel grateful for a line occasionally from you or any of the family circle. Lovingly yours
W. L. G.